

"NEMO'S ALMANAC 2018"
A literary Quiz with Prizes

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HIDE AND SEEK
2018

(ONE HUNDRED & TWENTY FIRST YEAR)

**A YEARLY ANTHOLOGY
OF QUOTATIONS
FOR COMPETITION**

HIDE AND SEEK 2019

Will be available from:

Kenneth Thornton,
138, Raeberry Street, Glasgow, G20 6EA

In early December 2018

PRICE: £3.00

COMPILED BY
KENNETH THORNTON

PRICE - £3.00

RULES

1. The answers, with full references, must be sent in by **1st November 2018**. The envelope should be addressed to:
Kenneth Thornton, 138 Raeberry Street, Glasgow G20 6EA, with the letters **H & S** clearly written on it.
2. By 'full references' is meant : Author, Title, Volume, Chapter, Act, Scene, Verse, Line (as appropriate). In plays or dialogue, the name of the speaker must be given.
3. Ten marks are given for each correct answer, with bonus marks for a Quotation found by only one competitor or for well-researched answers (at the discretion of the compiler!)
4. The entry will be returned with the answer sheet.
5. Use of the Internet cannot be banned, but it is utterly discouraged, as it renders the competition both unfair and pointless. If the Internet has been used, please write 'NET' after your answer – 5 marks will be given if the answer is correct.
6. No Quotation is in translation, and no Author is quoted more than once.
7. Although humble prizes (£30, £20 and £10) are awarded to those who come first, second and third, all who participate in the competition receive a much more valuable prize – the prize of the pleasure of seeking and finding!

JANUARY

I

But the birth of a New Year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the First of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam.

II

But stay! but stay! methinks my sight,
Better inform'd by clearer light,
Discerns serenity in that brow,
That all contracted seem'd but now:
His reverse face may show distaste,
And frown upon the ills are past;
But that which this way looks is clear,
And smiles upon the New-born year.

III

Tonight I saw the sun set; he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;
And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

IV

On this day tradition allots
to taking stock of our lives,
my greetings to all of you, Yeasts,
Bacteria, Viruses,
Aerobics and Anaerobics:
A Very Happy New Year
to all for whom my ectoderm
is as Middle-Earth to me.

V

A Guid New-Year I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie:
Tho thou's howe-backit now, an knaggie,
I've seen the day
Thou could hae gaen like onie staggie
Out-owre the lay.

VI

Let others look for Pearle and Gold,
Tissues, or Tabbies manifold:
One onely lock of that sweet Hay
Whereon the blessed Babie lay,
Or one poore Swadling-clout, shall be
The richest New-yeeres Gift to me.

FEBRUARY

I

Hand trembling towards hand; the amazing lights
of heart and eye. They stood on supreme heights.

II

The intense horror of nightmare came over me; I tried
to draw back my arm, but the hand clung to it, and a most
melancholy voice sobbed,
'Let me in — let me in!'

III

Friends, if we have ever been,
Friends we cannot now remain:
I only know I loved you once,
I only know I loved in vain;
Our hands have met, but not our hearts;
Our hands will never meet again!

IV

Spring came.
He rooted up the nettles with his hands.
He burnt them all, stamped on the clotted ash,
Tamping new seeds in, fingering stones aside.
This work he wanted, his hands came alive.
They wanted flowers to touch.

V

As at the end
of a dark tunnel, he saw cities
the hand would build, engines
that it would raze them with. His sight
dimmed. Tempted to undo the joints
of the fingers, he picked it up.
But the hand wrestled with him.

VI

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

MARCH

I

The cat was let out of the bag by an angel
Who warned them and planned their get-away,
And told how Herod would make holy with death
The day that a birth made a holy day.

II

Her bower that was guarded by word and by spell,
Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell –
Jesu Maria, shield us well!
No living wight, save the Ladye alone,
Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

III

Then the world seemed none so bad,
And I myself a sterling lad;
And down in lovely muck I've lain,
Happy till I woke again.

IV

'If you take your pupils aside and say:
"Vile boys, this won't do, disobedience is wrong,
And if you don't know it I'll make you know!"
Do you *really* mean that those boys should obey?':
'I may, in a way.'

V

His complexion exceeding faire –
he was so faire that they called him *The Lady of Christ's College*.

VI

Once in the wine the summer blood
Knocked in the flesh that decked the vine,
Once in this bread
The oat was merry in the wind;
Man broke the sun, pulled the wind down.

APRIL

I

The days passed and the wind blew from the Forth.

II

All is the wind

Hunting through clouds and forests, thrashing
my apron and the hanging clothes on the line.
Can it be borne, this bodying-forth by wind
Of joy my actions turn on, like a thread
Carrying beads?

III

what if a keen of a lean wind flays
screaming hills with sleet and snow:
strangles valleys by ropes of thing
and stifles forests in white ago?

IV

There's no replying
To the Wind's sighing,
Telling, foretelling,
Dying, undying,
Dwindling and swelling,
Complaining, droning,
Whistling and moaning,
Ever beginning,
Ending, repeating
Hinting and dinning,
Lagging and fleeting –
We've no replying
Living or dying
To the Wind's sighing.

V

Alone, I hear the wind about my walls ...
Wind of the city night, south-west and warm, –
Rain-burdened wind, your homely sound recalls
Youth; and a distant country-side takes form,
Comforting with memory – sight my town-taxed brain ...

VI

How brown the foliage of the green hill's grove,
Nodding at midnight o'er the calm bay's breast,
As winds come lightly whispering from the west,
Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene: –

MAY

I

Reclining in a gondola alone and with the tide
Being borne across the Bacino towards where all the stars
In heaven like split pearls blur on the black robe Venice wears

II

The polished black woodwork of the Gondola flashed
almost unbearably in the sun; Lady Nelly could see her face
in it as in a mirror. The strips of brass with which it was lavishly
adorned shone too. All the brittle brightness of the Venetian day,
and the dazzling flicker of its reflections, seemed concentrated on
those glittering surfaces of black and gold.

III

Your gondola – let Zorzi wreathe
A mesh of water-weeds about
Its prow, as if he unaware
Had struck some quay or bridge-foot stair!

IV

Just where we had dismounted the Count's men
and then,
Were waiting for us with the gondola. –
As those who pause on some delightful way
Though bent on pleasant pilgrimage, we stood
Looking upon the evening, and the flood
Which lay between the city and the shore,
Paved with the image of the sky ...

V

She was more than pleased, she was
transported; the whole thing was an immense liberation.
The gondola moved with slow strokes, to give her time
to enjoy it, and she listened to the plash of the oars, which
grew louder and more musically liquid as we passed
into narrow canals, as if it were a revelation of Venice.

VI

How light we go, how softly! Ah,
Were life but as the gondola!

JUNE

I

*"He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk
Descending from the bus:
He looked again, and found it was
A Hippopotamus:
'If this should stay to dine', he said,
'There won't be much for us!'"*

II

*... I often think of you
Out with the guns in the jungle stew
Yesterday I hittapotamus
I put the measurements down for you but they
got lost in the fuss*

III

*They had their men tie
hippopotami
and bring out dappled dog –
cats to course antelopes, dikdik, and ibex;*

IV

*Nobody comes to give him his rum but the
Rim of the sky hippopotamus – glum
Enhances the chances to bless with a benison
Alfred Lord Tennyson crossing the bar ...*

V

*Did monstrous hippopotami come sliding toward you in the mist?
Did gilt-scaled dragons writhe and twist with passion as you
passed them by?*

VI

*Into the world of the red glass bus
came a man with a face like a hippopotamus*

*Grotesque eruptions made horrific
An otherwise normal ugly face*

JULY

I

In a district so diversified as this, so full of hollow vales and hanging woods, it is no wonder that echoes should abound.

II

Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance, Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches: But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness; And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.

III

She tried to regain the entrance tunnel, but an influx of villagers swept her back. She hit her head. For an instant she went mad, hitting and gasping like a fanatic. For not only did the crush and stench alarm her; there was also a terrifying echo.

IV

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

V

Of brightest Mira, is our Song; the grace
Of all that Nature, yet, to life did bring;
And were shee lost, could best supply her place.
Rivers and Valleys, Echo what wee sing –

VI

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

AUGUST

I

... and as she looked she saw something almost buried in the newly turned soil. It was something like a ring of rusty iron or brass, and when the robin flew up into a tree near by she put out her hand and picked the ring up. It was more than a ring, however; it was an old key which looked as if it had been buried a long time.

II

A doore without locke, is a bait for a knave,
a locke without keie, is a foole that will have.
One keie to two locks, if it breake is a greefe,
two keies to one locke, in the end is a theefe.

III

And marked my Girlhood's name –
So Visitors may know
Which Door is mine – and not mistake –
And try another Key –

IV

Always at night when they returned
To the lonely house from far away,
To lamps unlighted and fire gone gray,
They learned to rattle the lock and key
To give whatever might chance to be,
Warning and time to be off in flight:

V

I have heard the key
Turn in the door once and turn once only
We think of the key, each in his prison
Thinking of the key, each confirms a prison

VI

Lend me, a little while, the key
That locks your heavy heart, and I'll give you back –
Rarer than books and ribbons and beads bright to see,
This little Key of Dreams out of my pack.

SEPTEMBER

I

Mr. Babbage

Lived entirely on cabbage.

He used his head, rather than his thumbs

In inventing his machine for doing sums.

II

He gazed round the stooled and tabled eaters, tightening
the wings of his nose

— Two stouts here.

— One corned and cabbage

That fellow ramming a knife of cabbage down as if
his life depended on it. Good stroke. Give me the fidgets to look.

III

And he wore over all, as a screen from bad weather,

A Cloak of green Cabbage-leaves stitched all together.

IV

I'm sitting in the Potting-shed

Listening to the rain.

The tiles are streaming overhead,

The garden breathes again:

The summer cabbages outside

Are drumming to the drops,

So here will you and I abide

And drink until it stops.

V

But on some lucky day (as when they found

A lost Bank-bill, or heard their Son was drown'd)

At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,

Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear:

Oyl, tho' it stinks, they drop by drop impart,

But sowse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.

VI

Its cold, round crystals

form and slide and settle

in the white hens' feathers,

in gray glazed cabbages,

on the cabbage roses

and lupins like apostles;

OCTOBER

I

All the afternoon talking
in my chamber with my wife about my keeping a
coach the next year, and doing something to my
house which will cost money – this is, furnish our
best chamber with tapestry –

II

On that side of the tapestry
The formal court is gone,
The kingdom is unknown;
Nothing but thread to see,
Knotted and rooted thread
Spelling a world unsaid.

III

Finale leaves in silence to replume
Bent wings, and Carmen with her flaunts through the gloom
Of whispering tapestry, brown with old fringe: –
The winners leave too, and the small lamps twinge.

IV

Shepherd I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesie,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoaky rafters, then in tapstry Halls
And Courts of Princes,

V

These sudden ends of time must give us pause.
We fray into the future, rarely wrought
Save in the tapestries of afterthought.
More time, more time.

VI

When baseness is exalted, do not bate
The place its honour, for the persons sake.
The shrine is that which thou dost venerate;
And not the beast, that bears it on his back.
I care not though the cloth of state should be
Not of rich arras, but mean tapestry.

NOVEMBER

I

Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

II

'Very astonishing indeed! strange thing!'
(Turning the Dimpling round, rejoined the King).

'Tis most extraordinary then, all this is,

It beats Pinetti's conjuring all to pieces:

Strange I should never of a Dimpling dream!

But, Goody, tell me where, where, where's the Seam?'

III

" ... if a man were to go by chance at the same time

with Burke under a shed, to shun a shower, he would say

– 'This is an extraordinary man.' If Burke should go into

a stable to see his house dressed, the ostler would say –

'We have had an extraordinary man here.' "

IV

What is this extraordinary

Exclamatory 'Calamity'!

You've no Harry James, no Henry James,

No matadors and no Matterhorn?

No matter; what sang when you were born!

V

The extraordinary patience of things!

This beautiful place defaced with a crop of suburban houses

How beautiful when we first beheld it,

Unbroken field of poppy and lupin walled with clean cliffs;

VI

... And my feet took me home

and my mind observed to me,

or I to it, how ordinary

extraordinary things are or

how extraordinary ordinary

things are,

DECEMBER

I

Ubi? Ubi? booms the ox
From its cavern in the rocks.

Where?

Bethlehem, then bleats the sheep
Huddled on the winter steep.

Bethlehem

II

We picture the meek mild creatures where
They dwelt in their strawy pen,
Nor did it occur to one of us there
To doubt they were kneeling then.

III

No glint of dawn; but Chanticleer
Is crowing of Christmas, bugle clear.
In waxen hive, close-wintering,
Bees a slumbrous orison sing;
Roused from their lair in dales of snow,
Light-foot deer in procession go;
Cattle and sheep in byre and pen
Kneel in the darkness, unseen of men:

IV

We have come to no palace, no place
Of towers and minarets and the calling of servants,
But to a poor stable in a poor town.
So why are we bending our crested necks?
Why are our heads bowed
And our eyes closed meekly?
Why are we outside this hovel,
Humbly and awkwardly kneeling?
How is it that we know the world is changed?

V

Anti-cat evangelists
How on earth could you have missed
Such an obvious and able
Occupant of any stable?

VI

So, at this birth,
The birds of the air
Augmented the choir
Of the cherubim:
"*Gloria in excelsis*;
Upon the earth, peace," –
Both are one in that hymn.

ANSWERS TO HIDE AND SEEK 2017

JANUARY 'ELEPHANTS'

- I Ogden Nash, 'The Big Tent Under The Roof', Sta.2, *Il.* 5-8
- II Rudyard Kipling, 'Mandalay', Sta. 3, *Il.* 25, 26
- III E. M. Forster, 'The Hill of Devi', Letter of 1 Jan. (1913)
- IV Geoffrey Chaucer, 'Canterbury Tales, Tale of Thopas', The First Fit, Sta. 16, *Il.* 95-97
- V Louis MacNeice, 'Elephant Trunk', *Il.* 1-9
- VI Charles Dickens, 'David Copperfield', Chapt. 5

FEBRUARY 'CANDLES'

- I Graham Greene, 'Travels With My Aunt', Chapt. 15
- II Joseph Campbell, 'The Old Woman', *Il.* 1-4
- III Wilfrid Gibson, 'Long Tom', Sta. 2, *Il.* 9-14
- IV Rev. Francis Kilvert, 'Diary', Section 6, 3rd February 1878
- V Vita Sackville-West, 'On the Lake', *Il.* 37-40
- VI Edna St. Vincent Millay, 'First Fig', *Il.* 1-4

MARCH 'SOFAS'

- I W.M. Thackeray, 'The Cane-Bottom'd Chair', Sta. 5, *Il.* 17-20
- II William Wordsworth, 'The Excursion', Book 7, 'The Churchyard Among the Mountains', *Il.* 174-179
- III Frances Cornford, 'Autumn Evening', *Il.* 1-4
- IV Seamus Heaney, 'A Sofa in the Forties', *Il.* 1-3
- V Medbh McGuckian, 'The Sofa', *Il.* 3-7
- VI William Cowper, 'Letter to the Rev. John Newton, Dec. 13, 1784

APRIL 'WORMS'

- I Christopher Smart, 'Jubilate Agno', *Il.* 1.26
- II Ruth Pitter, 'Resurgam', Sta.13, *Il.* 110-115
- III Fleur Adcock, 'Nature Table', Sta. 3, *Il.* 9-12
- IV Emily Dickinson, 'In Winter in my Room' 1670, *Il.* 2-9
- V Percy B. Shelley, 'Epipsychidion', *Il.* 123-129
- VI William Shakespeare, 'Hamlet', Act 4, Scene 3, *Il.* 20,21

MAY 'PHILOSOPHERS'

- I Alexander Pope, 'The Dunciad', Book III, *Il.* 213-218
- II W.H. Auden, 'Academic Graffiti', Stanzas 29 + 30, *Il.* 113-120
- III John Fuller, 'Valentine', *Il.* 9-15
- IV R.S. Thomas, 'I', *Il.* 1-6
- V William Blake, 'Poems from the Rossetti Ms. 1803', 4, *Il.* 1-4
- VI Thomas De Quincey, 'On Murder as a Fine Art'

JUNE 'BANDS'

- I C. Day Lewis, 'Cornet Solo' *Il.* 2-7
- II John Betjeman, 'Margate, 1940', Sta. 2, *Il.* 5,6
- III William Plomer, 'Hotel Magnificent (Yokohama 1927)' Sta. 8, *Il.* 32-35
- IV Aubrey Beardsley, 'The Three Musicians', Sta. 6, *Il.* 26-30
- V Robert Graves, 'Welsh Incident', *Il.* 32-34
- VI Alan Brownjohn, 'Class Incident from Graves', *Il.* 11-14

JULY 'WILD FLOWERS'

- I Matthew Arnold, 'Bacchanalia, or, The New Age', *Il.* 10-15
- II R. W. Emerson, 'The Humble-Bee', *Il.* 40-47
- III Robert Bridges, 'The Idle Flowers', Stanzas 9 & 10, *Il.* 33-40
- IV Christina Rossetti, 'Golden Glories', *Il.* 1-7
- V Edward Thomas, 'October', *Il.* 3-6
- VI Vernon Watkins, 'Music of Colours : Dragonfoil and the Furnace of Colours', 3, Sta. 2, *Il.* 6-10

AUGUST 'DICTIONARIES'

- I D.J. Enright, 'Instant Chronicles, A Life (1985)' 'Old reviewer', Sta. 3, *Il.* 9-12
- II Johathan Swift, 'Gulliver's Travels', 'A Voyage to Laputa', Part III, Chapt. II
- III Charles Tomlinson, 'Tübingen' *Il.* 33-38
- IV Anne Stevenson, 'Melon, meaning melon', *Il.* 16-20
- V Ralph Hodgson, 'The Vanity of Human Ambition and Big Behaviour', Sta. 3, *Il.* 9-12
- VI Lewis Carroll, 'Through the Looking Glass, Chapt. II, 'The Garden of Live Flowers'

MARKS LIST 2017

SEPTEMBER 'WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER'

| | |
|-----|--|
| I | Thomas Campbell, 'Napoleon and the British Sailor', Sta. 4, ll. 13-16 |
| II | Noel Coward, 'There are Bad Times Just Around the Corner', ll. 45,46 |
| III | William Cobbett, 'Rural Rides', Dover, Sept. 3, 1823 (evening) |
| IV | Malcolm Lowry, 'Through the Panorama', in 'Hear Us O Lord from Heaven thy Dwelling Place'. |
| V | John Ashbery, 'He', Sta. 2, ll. 5-8 |
| VI | Eliza Cook, 'The Land of my Birth', Sta. 2, ll. 1,2 |

OCTOBER 'EXCLAMATION MARKS !!'

| | |
|----|---|
| I | Edward Lear, 'Turkey Discipline', ll. 1-8 |
| II | Thomas Hood, 'Literary and Literal', ll. 17-24 |
| II | R. H. Barham, 'The Ingoldsby Legends', 'The House-Warming!!', ll. 397-400 |
| IV | Walter De La Mare, 'The Feckless Dinner-Party', ll. 45-48 |
| V | Richard Eberhart, 'World War', Sta. 4, ll. 13-16 |
| VI | George Darley, 'Nepenthe', last 5 lines of Canto 1 |

NOVEMBER 'TRAPEZE ARTISTS'

| | |
|-----|---|
| I | D.H. Lawrence, 'When I went to the Circus', ll. 22-24 |
| II | Edwin Morgan, 'Cinquevalli', ll. 2-6 |
| III | Ted Hughes, 'Acrobats', Sta.3, ll. 21-26 |
| IV | Elizabeth Jennings, 'The Clown', III, ll. 28-31 |
| V | Dannie Abse, 'Go home the act is over', Sta. 2, ll. 5-8 |
| VI | Lawrence Durrell, 'Sons for Zarathustra', ll. 1-8 |

DECEMBER 'PUDDINGS'

| | |
|-----|--|
| I | Amprose Bierce, 'The Enlarged Devil's Dictionary' |
| II | Joel Barlow, 'The Hasty Pudding', Canto 1, ll. 47-50 |
| III | Robert Herrick, 'Oberons Feast', ll. 29-31 |
| IV | 'Arthur Ransome, 'The Big Six', Chapt. 9 'Money to Burn' |
| V | A.A. Milne, 'Rice Pudding', Sta. 5, ll. 17-20 |
| VI | Thomas Gray, 'Verses from Shakespeare', ll. 21-24 |

FIRST PRIZE

| | |
|-------------------------|-----|
| Mrs. A. E. Sheehan-Hunt | 710 |
|-------------------------|-----|

SECOND PRIZE

| | |
|---------------|-----|
| Ian Patterson | 635 |
|---------------|-----|

THIRD PRIZE

| | |
|-------------------|-----|
| Alan Hollinghurst | 615 |
|-------------------|-----|

| | |
|----------------|-----|
| Mrs. P. Pearce | 600 |
|----------------|-----|

| | |
|------------|-----|
| W. A. Kyle | 555 |
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| | |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| Hilary Adams + Beryl Cawood | 545 |
|-----------------------------|-----|

| | |
|--------------|-----|
| Steve Osborn | 535 |
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| | |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| Judith Neal + Adam Potheary | 515 |
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| | |
|------------------|-----|
| Mrs Anne Polhill | 495 |
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| Tom Durham | 485 |
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| | |
|---------------|-----|
| Peter Scupham | 365 |
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| | |
|----------------|-----|
| Gillian Carter | 360 |
|----------------|-----|

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|--------------|-----|
| Meryl Foster | 240 |
|--------------|-----|

| | |
|---------------------|-----|
| Ms Florence Yarwood | 225 |
|---------------------|-----|

NOTES

'Torquemadian' – that's the adjective one of you used (with a certain amount of tongue-in-cheek, I hope) to describe H+S! Just in case your Spanish history is not up to scratch, Torquemada was, as one book describes him, 'the cruel architect of the Inquisition'. I've had a look at myself in a mirror and cannot see any outward resemblance to the man, but, of course, the cruelty may be deep in my heart!

Many of you seemed to find H+S 2017 harder, though a large part of the problem seems to be the increasing difficulty of finding much help in your searching in local libraries. However, you seem to manage splendidly despite that. Each of the quotations was found by more than one person, though the Malcolm Lowry (September IV) was found by only two of you (without the assistance of Mr/Ms Google!). Each year I'm newly surprised and pleased by your interest in, and knowledge of, English literature. I envy you your ability to recall passages which you read years ago and to recognise the literary 'signatures' of various writers.

I have learnt that easiness (or hardness) is in the eye of the beholder. You sometimes struggle with quotations which I considered 'easy' when I chose them: for example, the July page on wild flowers; and some of you missed the Dickens quotation (January VI) and the lines of De La Mare (October IV) from what I think is one of the spookiest, scariest poems ever written. By contrast, you often seem to have no difficulty finding what I thought might be 'hard': for example, John Fuller's 'Valentine' ('Rather naughty, but one of my all-time favourite love poems,' commented one of you!), and MacNeice's 'Elephant Trunk'. A number of you responded with joy to the quotation from Arthur Ransome; obviously, his books were an important part of your childhood and are remembered (and perhaps reread) with great pleasure.

Congratulations to the three winners of this year's competition, and many thanks to all who sent in entries. (It was great to be up to fourteen entries again after the low of ten last year). Though you like to grumble a little about the hardness of it, you usually admit that you've enjoyed the challenge of it and are looking forward eagerly to next year's.

So, here it is, H+S 2018, fresh and clear, with seventy-two fine quotations to exercise your grey matter! The monthly themes will become obvious as you read the quotations, except for March (I like to make one month rather different!). I'm calling its theme 'Spot the Islands'; hidden in each quotation is the name of a British island (some very easy, others a bit harder); you will need to identify the islands for full marks. The December theme is 'Creatures' Christmas' – poetic responses to the Bethlehem event, not from the point of view of the humans involved, but from the point of view of the creatures involved. I hope that you will enjoy that rather different take on Christmas.

How do I choose themes? They often begin with a passage I've come across which really grabs me. Here's an example – November VI; the lines are from a wonderful poem which moves me deeply; when I first read it, I just knew that I had to have a page sometime based on that word 'extraordinary'!

And so it goes on. I have a long list of possible themes for the 2019 edition, which I shall be working on whilst you are 'enjoying' this one.

Beware! The H+S Torquemada is alive and well!!

The instruments of torture have been freshly oiled and sharpened!!! The 2018 inquisition begins NOW!!!!

_____ + _____

Here's a little verse from Herrick which might
have been written especially for you seekers;
let it be your inspiration in 2018!

Seeke and finde

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.

_____ + _____



Dante Gabriel Rossetti, 1828-1882, *Dante's Dream*,
1871. London, Tate Gallery. By courtesy of E.T.
Archive

138, Peaberry Street, Glasgow G20 6EA
19.11.17

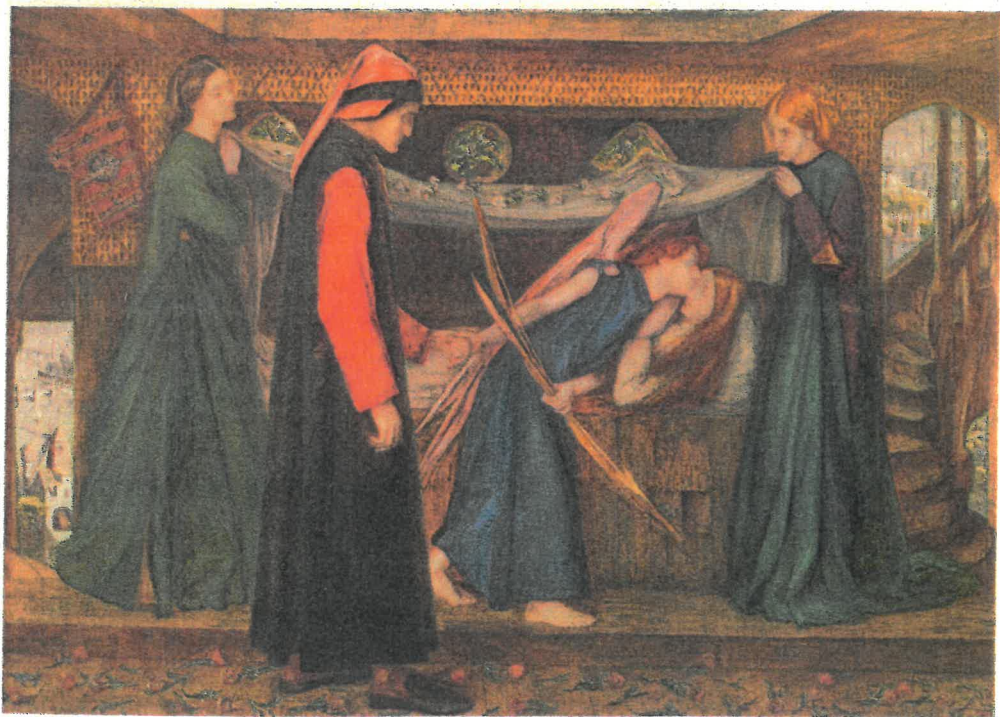
Dear T.B.,

This is the annual reminder about 'Hide + Seek'. The material for the 2018 edition is with the printer, so copies will be available next week — same price £3 per copy, four for £10.

I hope that you have had a good year, and look forward to hearing from you if you want to continue 'seeking'!

All best wishes.

Kenneth Thompson



Glasgow 30.11.17.

Dear J. B.

Here are your four copies of H+S 2018 — many thanks for your order and for the £10 note enclosed. Of course I'm 100% in favour of people who "keep trying"!

My printer put on an unexpected burst of speed this year, so I was able to collect the copies of H+S 2018 early this week. Sadly, not even the most efficient of printers can compensate for the failures of a poor proof-reader such as I am! There are a couple of errors in the answers to H+S 2017 pages: Sept. IV — it should read 'Panama' not 'Panorama'! Nov. VI — the word should be 'Song' not 'Sons'! But, more seriously, I've discovered this howler in Nov. III, line 4 in this year's Competition — it should have the word 'HORSE' not 'HOUSE'! Talk about having eyes which cannot see! 😞 Never mind, not all of us can be perfect all of the time!

Anyway, I hope that you, and those you share the copies with, will get pleasure from working at this edition of H+S.

All best wishes.

Yours,

Kenneth



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